

The Historie of

Through all the kingdomes that acknowledge Christ.
Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrier, in his enterprises,
Discomfited great Douglas, tane him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And shake the peace and safetie of our throne,
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbishops grace of Yorke, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.
But, wherefore do I tell these newes to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neereſt and deareſt enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vaſſall feare,
Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpleene,
To fight againſt me, vnder Percies pay,
To dog his heeles, and curſie at his frownes,
To ſhew, how much thou art degenerate.

Prin. Do not thinke ſo, you ſhall not finde it ſo,
And God forgiue them, that ſo much haue ſwayd
Your Maieſties good thoughts away from me.
I will redeeme all this on Percies head,
And, in the cloſing of ſome glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your ſonne,
When I will weare a garment all of blood,
And ſtaine my fauors in a bloudie maſke,
Which waſht away, ſhall ſcoure my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the day, when e're it lights,
That this ſame child of honour and renowne,
This gallant Hotſpur, this all praiſed knight,
And your vnthought of Harry, chance to meete,
For every honor, fitting on his helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My ſhames redoubled. For the time will come
That I ſhall make this Northren youth exchange
His glorious deedes, for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my Lord,
To engroſſe my glorious deedes on my behalfe.

And

Henry the fourth

And I will call him to ſo ſtrict a
That he ſhall render euery glory
Yea, euen the ſleighteſt worſhip
Or I will teare the reckoning from
This, in the name of God, I pro
The which, if he be pleaſd, I ſha
I do beſeech your Maieſtie may
The long growne wounds of m
If not, the end of life cancels all
And I will die, a hundred thouſa
E're breake the ſmalleſt parcell o

King. A hundred thouſand
Thou ſhalt haue charge, and ſou
How now good Blunt? thy look

Enter

Blunt. So hath the buſineſſe,
Lord Mortimer of Scotland ha
That Douglas and the Engliſh
The eleuenth of this moneth, at
A mighty, and a fearefull head
(If promiſes be kept on euery h
As euer offred ſoule play in a ſt

King. The Earle of Weſtmer
With him my ſonne, Lord Iohn
For this aduertement is ſiue da
On Wedneſday next, Harry, th
On Thursday, we our ſelues will
Is Bridgenorth, and Harry, you
Through Gloceſterſhire, by wh
Our buſineſſe valued ſome twelue
Our generall forces, at Bridgen
Our hands are full of buſineſſe, le
Adantage feedes him fat, while

Enter Falſtaffe and

Fal. Bardoll, am I not falſe a
do I not bate? doe I not dwindle
me, like an olde Ladies looſe gowne
apple Iohn. Well, Ile repent,